

THE FAMOUS MEDICINE HAT

In Poetical History



By FREEMAN JOSEPH GILLET

AUTHOR OF

"My Sweetest Poetry"

"The Soul of the World"

"Canada" (My First and Sweetest Song)

The entire contents, including photographs, are copyrighted
by the author, by Act of Parliament, 1923.

PREFACE

(Copyright)

There's a man with eyesight nearly dim
A sweetheart devoted wife sits near by him.
Love-flowers entwine the old arm chair
Lovingly they caress a father's silken silver hair.

The old man sits tonight my friend
Where the name Medicine Hat began
Where civilization was wending its way
Ah! May I mention the name of J. H. G. Bray.

A story in poetry some one must tell,
Dear Canada forgive me if I do not do it well?
Mr. Bray enlisted in the R.N.W.M.P. in 1873
His story he told me—and his years number 83.

There's another man who enlisted in 1875
When Custer in a massacre about to die
Sitting Bull then came to Canadian Land
Mr. R. Macutchin R.N.W.M.P.—first to shake his hand.

He told me the story—as Mr. J. H. G. Bray
He has been a resident of Medicine Hat since 1883
When I tell you such of such men as this
You know their story, I give in poetry, not a miss.

There is another man who came in 1875
He became a R.N.W.M.P scout in the whisky drive
Mr. Machell Quesnelle is now living at 68
Thank God! We've got their story before it is too late.

Then I went to the Indians—to see if they corroborate—
Litto Cohn 70, Sun Child 74, the story they did same relate.
Listen—Sweet Canada—to the radio of time
To God given history—in poetic chime.

The above verses were written a week before Michael Quesnelle in the
"last great west", was laid to rest.

THE FAMOUS MEDICINE HAT

Copyright

By Freeman Joseph Gillett

There is a "Golden Valley," tranquil in Alberta land;
Where the silvery Saskatchewan, beautifully,
Nobly, silently flow, majestically grand.
It is the home of fathers and mothers—
She's dearly beloved by the American Red Man!
Where in the land of the buffalo and the antelope,
The native Americans have ceased to roam.
It's where the Indians in colors splendid
Of the rainbow, glorified "Home Sweet Home."

There's a "Golden Valley"—she's jaspering of gold—
None but the warriors of Mighty O Canada
Purely the grand ancient story can unfold.
Where the Blackfeet claimed dominion, so did the Crees;
This bowerd of flowers, kissed by the chinook breeze.
Our Golden Valley—did each behest—was herd in distant west.
It is the land we cherish—but the Indians love her best!
They hear yet the echo of the warhoop still moan
When the mighty Saskatchewan was whipped into foam.

There's a "Golden Valley"—she's blest with coal.
Where Nature gave freedom to the Red Man's soul.
Where the oriole sat singing, as though it's heart would break;
Where the Buck, the wild goose, the sage hen
And the duck, were tenderly seeking it's mate.
Where Blackfeet arrayed a fray, with Crees at bay
A tale on a trail—civilization awaits—God help us relate;
Close to the banks of the glassy Saskatchewan—
Fainted warriors—now historic—a famous battle did make.

There's a "Golden Valley" where Crees assembled their shoal,
War dancing were they 'round tom-toms and ambers of coal.
Prancing themselves to the frenzy of war in their souls,
Peeping eyes of the Blackfeet were watching over higher knolls.
Stealthily they straddled their calicos to make bold.
Down like an avalanche, on the Crees they o'er stole.
The Cree ponies hearing the Blackfeet steeds thunder roll
By way of amplification sprang to camp, danger foretold.
Valiant horses carried cold sweated Crees two miles to the goal.

There's a "Golden Valley" where—stratagemical were the Cree
 From north of river—swarm they—to a southern levee.
 Here!—on an island—where the real battle was to be,
 Thus far—every arrow—of the Blackfeet—was a scalp of victor'ee
 They foamed in—after the Cree—but danger not did see.
 Too wrapped—were the Blackfeet—in glories of victor'ee
 The Crees assailed—the Blackfeet in water—Damned!
 Crees Pat!—Comrades in Command!—A Royal Flush Pat Hand!
 Ye!—Promised Victor'ee—Ah!—Behold!—A Token of Thee Cree—.

There's a "Golden Valley" where—a battle was devilish, hellish hot,
 Where the wind gnarled, lifted "The Hat" of Chieftain Kaus-Ke-Ta-
 O-Pot—
 As an arrow pierced his heart; bravely froze dead on the spot.
 Blackfeet could not break to the Cree's divined fighting line.
 They lost their warwhoops and spiritual spirit chimes.
 They lost their Medicine Hat—Shrine—battling in blood of brine.
 Ah! Yes—children; it was their Flag O Canada, in the early day
 Was the flag lost—you say—the Red Man's flag O Canada! pray?
 No children, Jehovah destined it should not be that way.

There's a "Golden Valley" where a memorial hat stood of Potter's clay
 The Indian Spirit made it so they say;
 That "the place of the Medicine Hat" should always stay;
 Though "the river that runs close to the Mountains"
 (Translation of Saskatchewan) has nearly washed it away.
 Near by is an artificial garden—the Rosery
 Lovingly blooming forever—Winters and Summers away.
 Still in the "Golden Valley" are the dearest old timers!
 Aren't we gladly of them children—for giving their story away?

There's a "Golden Valley" in poetry it doth rhyme,
 A "Valley of Wonder"—Natural magic—before the world's mind,
 To the beauty of it's summerly winter climate,
 To the peoples of O Canada is sublime
 No wizzards of a blizzard—Jehovah in the nature—very kind.
 A valley with billions—don't need the coal from the mine.
 A valley without a peer—twenty-three wells of Nature's gas in line.
 No wonder of the world saying: "It is magnanimously fine."
 But the citizens of O Canada say: "It is just divine".

There's a "Golden Valley" manifold to you and me,
Manifestation: Medicine Hat, diversified by the Cree;
Where hundreds of "pale faced" little, rosy faces are making glee,
O so merrily frolicking, singing and smiling, happily.
The origination of the name is now yours of history,
Illuminated in your illustrious, brilliant city,
Where the Medicine Hat was captured by the Cree;
Where Medicine Hat stands today, modern, very nice,
Bless the Flag—O Jehovah—to live on in sweet memory.

There's a "Golden Valley" where the gas stars sparkle day and night
O'er that Emblem City, built by the transatlantic foreign white;
Where in this magic emblem there is no smoke to blur our day;
Save for the Canadian Pacific—"The World's Greatest Highway";
For in the Indian Emblem Banner, that came from On High,
The heat that radiates—Peacepipe—is as Holy as the sky.
'Neath the Red Man's Banner, there's 1,200 feet of gas—That's why:
Medicine Hat is the Living Flag of the American to never die.
Providence divided eternal it shall live thy sweet bye and bye.

There's a "Golden Valley" where things are made of clay,
In mention of the Alberta Products and the Pottery.
And something sweet and nice, the factory makes candy,
Besides its Imperial Flowers that came in dandy
There are farm implements made, that are very handy.
Not alone—its Linseed mills—but geologists proclaim crude oil
On the top of which is the world's richest of farming soil.
Eventually will be watered by Crystal Eves of Mountains,
Known as the Great Spirit Indian's trickling fountains.

There's a "Golden Valley" called by the Indians "Moccasin Flat",
Where the Blackfeet Medicine Man lost his Medicine Hat.
Known by interpretation of "The Battle of The Medicine Hat"—
"Riders of the Plains" called it "The Place of the Medicine Hat".
Medicine Hat!—Exaltation to the Indian boy and girl!
It is where the Banner O Canada is never furred;
Undying he loves magic in a city Kipling failed to hearld,
She is a diamond of O Canada, her opal, her pearl—
Medicine Hat is the Ensign of the American World.

WHENCE CAME THE MEDICINE HAT.

(Copyright)

Acknowledgment attribute to the citizens of Alberta whom I hold in the highest esteem and respect who have lived in the glory of the Dominion.

Those who have lived in the dawning of civilization, your excellent Province has filled me with the awe of inspiration that came from your silver down to our golden evening.

It is your story—not mine—that shall live with our children in fond memory as beams of love on a lake of glory.

I only ask pardon for one thing—that is mentioning your names; but the world demands your story to be authentic.

I would have the reading public to understand the story told in the poem "The Famous Medicine Hat" the following men give as their word of honor as being true.

Mr. J. H. G. Bray was the first star to enlist in the Mounted Police in Toronto in 1873. His Imperial Military training ranked him a Sergeant Major, and, during the Winter he and the late General Sam Steele organized the force. And in the fall of '74 they arrived in Fort Macleod, where they laid to rest five of their number:

"Down by the Old Man River,
Where freshes breezes blow."

Mr. Bray is with us at 83 years. Became a resident of Medicine Hat in 1892.

Mr. R. Macutchin joined the Mounted Police in 1875, and was the first white man to shake the hand of Sitting Bull, the great Indian chief

when he crossed into Canadian territory after the Custer massacre in 1876; and is the oldest man in that city in point of resident, established in 1883. He is 70 years old.

Mr. Michael Quesnelle came here in 1875 from Cheyenne, Wyoming, and became a Mounted Police Scout.

He is the one who told me about the mound, built like a hat. While there was no clue as to its origination, it was believed to have been built by the Indians.

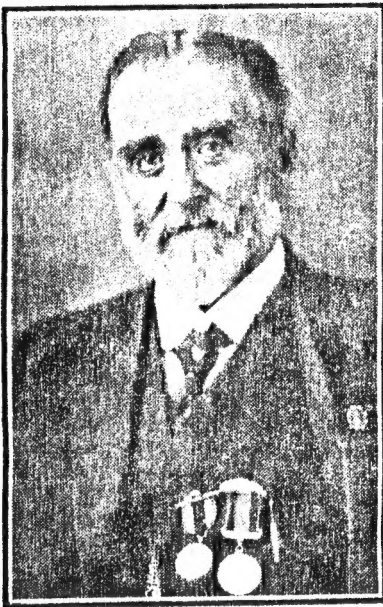
Mr. Quesnelle is 68 years old, and has the credit of having been one of the world's finest ropers:

But now he has been laid to rest,

Yes in purity of sky blue;

Michell Quesnelle,

True Canada remembers you.



(Copyright) J. H. G. BRAY

No man can dispute these gallant men; these three monarchs of the prairie. In honor of these heroes, at Police Point is a lone remaining relic on memorial wall—the Mounted Forces in Barracks—where these westerners spent many happy experiences.

Among others who were instrumental in leading up to the story are Mrs. J. W. Morrow, Mrs. Harry Steward, Magistrate James Rae, Bill Cousins and the last was Mr. James Hargrave, who advised me to go and see if the Indians corroborated it.

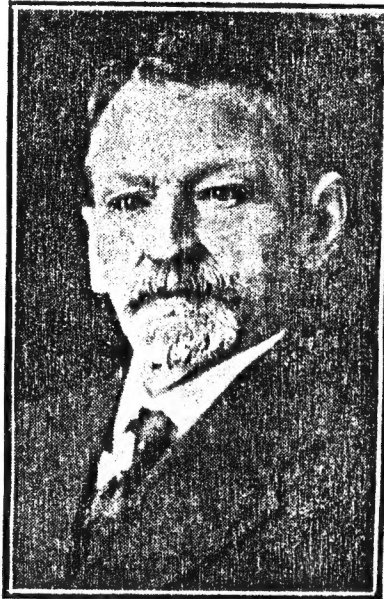
I found that full blooded Indians are suspicious and skeptical of a white man with a sheet of paper. With many explanations I was told: "The Indians that are here today say that the white man named the place by having the story told them by the Indians of long time 'go,'" and they called it "Moccasin Flat."

This was interpreted to me by T. Swain, a breed, worded from "Litto Cohn". Not being satisfied, I went back again. The interpreter and Little Corn were away, but the Indians had talked me over, and a young buck in broken English explained while Sun Child marked on the ground how the battle was fought; also verified Mr. Bray's and Mr. Cacutchin's translation of "The river that runs close to the mountains—Cypress Hills". With his stick he pointed to the south-east. He is now 74 years old.

The Buck refused to give his name. I learned from a white man that, "It is against an Indian religion to tell his own name, his mother-in-law's name, his brother or sister, his father or mother, and indirectly I find his name to be A-Go-Foot.

After deciphering we find the riders of the plains by interpretation of the battle, which gave reasons of the mound, they called it the "Place of The Medicine Hat."

Thus we find Medicine Hat originated through the Riders of the Plains, with special credit due to Mr. J. H. G. Bray, Mr. R. Macutchin and Mr. Michael Quesnelle; whose names shall be written on the Maple Leaf Forever.



R. Macutchin
R. MACUTCHIN

(Copyright)



The late

MICHAEL QUESNELLE

(Copyright)

The Flag of Amerigo Vespucci

(Copyright)

By FREEMAN JOSEPH GILLETT

The happiest moments of my life
Was when a sweetheart said—
And the beauty of it all is simply this:
Three Love-Flowers my age to bless.

The thrilling moments of my life were when,
I sat where the east and the west began;
For I was listening to the beautiful story of
Three of the Dominion of Canada's Greatest Men.

The greatest discovery of my life;—
I am not telling this—trying to brag;
For this is the story of Mr. J. H. G. Bray;
"The Medicine Hat was the Indians' Flag."



SUN CHILD
Born 1849 (Copyright)



LITTO COHN
Born 1853 (Copyright)

I was spellbound—there was silence in the room. Then I thought to my—O, please Mr. Bray! go on soon? I couldn't wait for the story (my heart was throbbing with glory), I impatiently! I broke the awe of the silence, just to coax his sweet story. And Mr. Bray (I was holding my breath—couldn't help it). And—and when the Crees were having their war dance and—the—the Crees were dancing over there where Mr. James Hargrave lives—"Yes". He answered, as he looked at me with his gentle dimming eyes, as though he wondered at my surprise. I went on.

And the Blackfeet were up there on the hills of the old dairy farm, and spying on the Crees to do them harm. (And I felt a hardening in my throat) and came rushing down on the Crees without giving a warning note. And the scared Cree ponies rushed into camp, as much as to say: "We are vamped."

And he said "Yes" again. And I continued, as they ran down the north side of the river, knowing war was in the air; and thinking their dance in vain; and ran like the hell in the scare.

Then he gazed at the floor, and I continued some more: And ran down to the old Indian ford, and swam over to the island's shore. And!—and turned 'round and faced the Blackfeet so they couldn't land.

And he interrupted again "Yes", and I shrugged my shoulders (gee, the story was getting grand, I felt moisture getting in my eyes), as I looked at the man.

I looked at the clock—7 plus 4—the hours were eleven (a heavenly story in the eleventh hour). He was giving me the story he learned 'way back in Seventy Four.

"You see," said he, "as soon as the Crees shored, they turned on the Blackfeet and showered them with arrows while they were in the water. And one of the arrows hit the Medicine Chieftain in the heart—at least it is supposed to—for he raised up on his horse as he gasped for his last breath. And the wind either blew his hat off, or else as he fell in the water, the current pulled it off (of course it requires a stretch of imagination to tell which it did) and it floated against the shore, and the Crees grabbed it.

"The Blackfeet seeing their chieftain disappear beneath the water; and the Crees capture their flag—their Medicine Hat—they thought the Great Spirit had turned against them. And filled with superstition, fled.

"Their Medicine Hat was just the same to them as the British Flag is to us," he said

I didn't see why—and I questioned—I don't see how one could call a Medicine Hat a flag? And he answered:

"A flag symbolizes a nation. And the citizens of a nation in patriotism worship their flag. For instance in the South African war in a battle, the men were killed off all but two, and they tore the colors off the staff and wrapped them around themselves and swam the river."

That was a new one on me—I hadn't read the history.

He continued: "Why—you can't get an Indian to tan a bear's hide; because he is a medicine animal. And before they would kill a bear they would go through a certain ceremony; asking the bear's forgiveness for killing him for their good. The Indians had some powerful medicines; and in the Medicine Hat they would put bear claws, and feathers of certain birds they thought much of; snake roots, and various herbs; symbols of their valiant deeds of ancestral days; their Spirit Charms; magic and power was invested in the Medicine Hat—just the same as our flag represents law and order.

I had learned from the learned, that the Indians did truly have a flag. And that flag was a Medicine Hat.

Thus we find that "The City of Medicine Hat" represents the Native Flag of Amerigo Vespucci.

The Flag of Amerigo Vespucci—The Famous Medicine Hat.



Compliments to R Mc Hutchison
R N W M P

From the Medicine Hat Author